

Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter.
Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarcely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heavens.

Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Pelidore* haue prou'd best Woodman, and
Are Master of the Feast: *Cadwall*, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
Will make what's homely, sauiour: Wearinesse
Can inore vpon the Flint, when restie Sloth
Finds the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe.

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arui. I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'l brouz on that
Whil't what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:

But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke
Heere were a Faiery.

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
An earthly Paragon, Behold Diuinenesse
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters harme me not:

Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth
I haue stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Boord, so soone
As I had made my Meale; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Prouider.

Gui. Money? Youth.

Arui. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship durtie Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Haue dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir: I haue a Kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am false in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)

Thinke vs no Churles: nor measure our goodmindes
By this rude place we lue in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty:
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arui. Ile make't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
And such a welcome as I'd giue to him

(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

Imo. 'Mongst Friends?

If Brothers: would it had bin so, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting
To thee *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distresse.

Gui. Would I could free't.

Arui. Or I, what ere it be,

What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men

That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
That did attend themselves, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guilt of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my sexe to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boyes we'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we haue supp'd
Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So farre as thou wilt speake it.

Gui. Pray draw neere.

Arui. The Night to'th' Owle,
And Morne to'th' Larke lesse welcome.

Imo. Thanks Sir.

Arui. I pray draw neere.

Exit.

Scena Octaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That since the common men are now in Action
Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to undertake our Warres against
The false-off Britaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this businesse. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long liue *Cesar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

2. Sen. I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. Sen. With those Legions
Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leuie
Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I am neere to'th' place where they should meet,
if *Pisanio* haue mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments
serue me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him
that

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (saui-
reuerence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnessse
comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare
speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,
and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane,
the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse
young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be-
yond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in
Birth, alike conuerfant in generall seruices, and more re-
markeable in single oppositions; yet this imperfeuerant
Thing loues him in my despiht. What Mortalitie is?
Posthumus, thy head (which now is growing vpon thy
shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris in-
forced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and
all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may
(happily) be a little angry for my so rough vsage: but my
Mother hauing power of his testinesse, shall turne all in-
to my commendations. My Horse is tyed vp safe, out
Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my
hand: This is the very description of their meeting place
and the Fellow dares not deceiue me.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and
Imogen from the Caue.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caue,
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

Arui. Brother, stay heere:

Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,

Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:

But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leaue me,
Sticke to your Iournall course: the breach of Custome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,
Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye
Stealing so poorely.

Gui. I loue thee: I haue spoke it!

How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I do loue my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you say,
Loue's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say
My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble straine!

O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!
"Cowards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Bace;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,
Doth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'ch' Morne.

Arui. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arui. You health. — So please you Sir.

Imo. These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
Our Courtiers say, all's sauage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou disproou't Report.
Th'empierous Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,
Poore Tributary Riuers, as sweet Fish:
I am sicke still, heart-sicke, *Pisanio*,
Ile now taste of thy Drugges.

Gui. I could not stirre him:

He said he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arui. Thus did he answer me: yet said heereafter,
I might know more.

Bel. To'th' Field, to'th' Field:

Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arui. Wee'l not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sicke,

For you must be our Hufwife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Exit.

Bel. And shal't be euer,
This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors.

Arui. How Angell-like he sings?

Gui. But his neate Cookerie?

Arui. He cut our Rootes in Characters,
And sawe't our Brothes, as *Imo* had bin sicke,
And he her Dieter.

Arui. Nobly he yoakes

A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From so diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylor's raile at.

Gui. I do note,

That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their spures together.

Arui. Grow patient,

And let the stinking Elder (Greefe) vntwine
His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runnagates?

Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I feare some Ambush:
I saw him not these many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother search
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.

Clot. Soft, what are you

That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I haue heard of such. What Slaue art thou?

Gui. A thing!

More flauish did I ne're, then answering
A Slaue without a knocke.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,

A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe!

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why